Following is a recording of a few of the personal experiences of I. V. Anderson during his FS career, covering that period from 1918 to 1956. They might well be titled "Yarns and Anecdotes." These yarns and anecdotes were recorded by Anderson whose FS career started in 1918 on the Superior National Forest and terminated 1956 as Chief of the Forest Utilization Service Northern Rocky Mountain Forest & Range Experiment Station. It covers a period when he held the various positions of Ranger at Large, Forest Assistant, Forest Examiner, Assistant F.S.*, Research Assistant Forest Products from the staff of the Regional Forester of Region 1, Assistant Regional Forester in Wildlife Lgmt - R-1, and Chief of the Forest Utilization Service.

* Forest Supervisor

TOP RANGER, DIPLOMAT, JUDGE, JURY AND ADVOCATE

In the early 20's I heard much about those hearty guardians of Uncle Sam's NF classified in Region 1 as TOP RANGERS. One that I was personally acquainted with and worked with was a tobacco-chewin, whiskey-drinkin' character. Another was a suave diplomatic and God-fearing individual. Both types were much respected as community leaders and were jacks of all trades and doers. They knew how to inspire loyalty and high performance in spite of a paucity of funds and low salary.

Ben Saint was on the Region's Top Ranger list and in my book was a real diplomat, judge, jury and advocate. His district when I knew him was headquartered at Noxon, Montana, on the old Cabinet Forest but now a portion of the east end of the Kaniksu. I was the only technical forester on the Forest with the exception of Harry Baker the Forest Supervisor. In those days of manual performance, technical foresters were viewed with a rather critical eye. In the fall of 1921 the Supervisor Baker sent me to Noxon to help Ben cruise a few small tracts of timber. All timber sale activities was centered in the supervisors office at that time. Winter had set in and there was already about 8 inches of snow up and down the valley. Even though it was only 40 miles from Thompson Falls to Noxon, the job down there was at least a 3 or 4 day proposition because of transportation difficulties of those times. Travel up and down the valley from Thompson Falls was by the NP local train known as the Dinky. The Dinky was a cozy little outfit. After a few trips on it one knew the train crew by their first names. The Engineer would stop most any place to pick you up or let you off.

Upon my arrival at Noxon Ben and I loaded our gear on his buckboard (local name of horse and buggy) and left for the Harker place near Heron, downriver approximately 12 miles.

I said to Ben it looks like we'll get somebody here without much trouble, with a trail like this to follow. Ben didn't seem too interested in it, in fact seemed a little bit bothered. Nevertheless we started on this hot trail down the side of the mountain, slipping in snow here and there. In about 1/4 a mile we arrived at one of the homesteads on the north side of the river, a rather humble looking affair with log barns and an all-log house. The trail led across a small clearing just on the uphill side of the barn. I said to Ben, I wouldn't be a bit surprised but what that deer is hung up inside the barn. Maybe we should go in and pick it up so we have the evidence. In those days we didn't think as much about the search and siezure law as we do now. Neither Ben nor I thought of a search warrant, but nevertheless Ben was expressing his feelings by dragging his feet. Finally he said Yes, Andy, I think probably we'll find that venison in there, but before we go in, I want to tell you something about this family down there. Then he proceeded to give me their name, and said you know Jim has had terrible bad luck the last few years. His wife took sick a year or two ago, had to go to the hospital at Sandpoint, then to the Dr. at Spokane, and she came back here and died. He said you know there's only a 12-year old girl keeping house for Jim and 2 other kids. Jim is trying his best to keep the family together. I really think it would be a terrible calamity if we went in there and made an arrest, furthermore, I doubt very much if we'd have a Chinaman's chance of proving their guilt at the JP court at Thompson Falls. Well, I began to see the light, I said Ben, you're the boss, I'll follow. Ben discreetly led us around the clearing and down to the road out of sight of the place, and we completed our journey back to Noxon. All in all it took us three days to complete a job of that kind. It took me a couple of years and several administrative mistakes to really appreciate Ben, and only then did I come to the realization that many of the early day rangers were truly judge, jury, and advocate all wrapped up in one package.

THOMPSON FALLS, MT

In the early 20's Sinclair Lewis could have found material in Thompson Falls Montana for a sequel to his best seller - Main Street. The setting was different, but the characters were there even to the last of the remittance men, plus philandering males and females; if you accepted the people of this small(population 800) and scenic mountain village they took you to their bosom. I arrived there September, 1920, to accept an appointment as Ranger at Large, pending certification of eligibles at the magnificent salary of 1220 per year. I left a job with a tree surgery co. in Wheeling W. Va. where I was making over twice that salary. I never regretted the move--Thompson Falls was the beginning and the culmination of dreams I had as a 12 year old boy. I roamed the Cabinet mountains on mapping, assignments, timber surveys and range appraisal. The hunting and fishing I found answered my fondest dreams, I was free as the wind. No Sierra Club, Audubon Society, Wildlife Federation or Environmentalists those days to breathe hot air down my neck. If there was ever a place in the world where peace and tranquility reigned it was Thompson Falls in the early 20's. I arrived there in the late evening, about the middle of September. Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train #41 was a bit late, it was dark, the whole valley seemed lighted up, what a big town I thought. But I was disappointed, when I checked in at the Ward Hotel and found out that the lights were from the big dam and hydroelectric plant completed in 1914. I registered and the hotel clerk took my dollar and a half, and the clerk said "up the stairs, left four doors, room 410." Half way up the stairs I thought oh, oh - no key, so I started back to the desk saying I forgot my key, but he turned me right around, when he said "hell, we don't have keys here."

The next 5 years I lived in Thompson Falls, I don't remember of any petty thievery. We never locked the doors on our house, in fact Jack Bowen and I had 5 rooms in the Ward hotel.

One for sleeping, one for sitting, one for catch-alls. We used to be gone for weeks at a time. One time they had a fire in the hotel and most of the rooms were emtied of their belongings. When Jack and I came back we found all of our belongings about 3 or 4 doors down the street in storage. It had been heaved out the window and gathered up not a thing was missing.

The fall of 1921 I took the ranger examination, passed it the second highest in the region. No credit to my skill however, as technically trained foresters were scarce and the Civil Service Commission gave you a lot of points for your technical training. I was pretty busy the first couple of months getting acquainted and especially studying for the upcoming ranger exam. So I had a little time to frequent the small town meeting places such as the local pool room, which seemed to be the headquarters. They had a bar reminiscent of pre-Volstead days where you could buy pop, near beer, and moonshine for 25¢ a shot. You could also get into a panqingy game or a solo game with anybody ranging from the local banker on down. That winter I participated in the home talent show. I had the stage all by myself in which I displayed such Non-forestry talents as singing some of the folk songs which the university boys were singing during that era, accompanying myself on the ukelele, and must have made quite an impression. The following week the Sanders County Independent Ledger included the following news item "The Bowery Kid, (Anderson) could make a good living on the vaudeville stage, he is a real fellow and some who took him for a sissy will admit now they are poor judges of human nature." And so I was accepted at Thompson Falls, I always figured that Judge Nippert was the author of this item. It seems as tho everybody had to have a name in those days. I became just one of the many characters around Thompson Falls, by getting accepted as the Bowery Kid, Amongst these characters was Red Sheridan, Pop Adams, Danny Mack, Swift Water Bill, Nigger Bill, "River Pig" Jack Prouty, Kelly Davidson and Dave Snyder. There was still a few remittance men in the west in the early 20's. Judge Nippert, or Nip as his friends called him, was one. It was rumored that someone in the Gamble family from the soap firm of Procter & Gamble back in Ohio was paying Nippert to stay away

But it didn't seem to bother Nip. When he first arrived from the east he took up a homestead on Bull River, then came to Thompson Falls and was appointed as a U.S. Commissioner, also Justice of the Peace, hence the title Judge.

Sinclair Lewis would have devoted a full chapter to any of the characters I found when I arrived at Thompson Falls, but in the interest of brevity I am going to confine my stories to Nigger Bill and Judge Nippert. I don't think any of the people of Thompson falls felt that Nigger was a derogatory term when they referred to Nigger Bill. I always thought the term was used to identify or separate Nigger Bill from Swift Water Bill who was constantly in the limelight around the village with his unusual tales. He often boasted about being the biggest liar in Sanders County. Years before I came to Sanders County Nigger Bill had squatted on a piece of Anaconda Copper Mining Co. land about 12 miles west of Th. Falls at what was known a s the blue slide, a beautiful spot overlooking the entire clark fork river valley. I remember Nigger Bill as I infrequently saw him on a corner on the main street in Th. Falls giving his usual religious discourse. He frequently talked about Armageddon. Sometimes his audience was confined to a single straggler. I stopped to talk with him or listen one day and he gave a talk on Armageddon that would make Billy Graham look like a piker. There he stood, tall and stately, I think he was over 6 feet tall, must have been between 50 and 60 years of age, might have been older than that, kind of hard to tell the age of some of these blacks, they are pretty well preserved. I think Bill was in that situation. His hair was white and grey he always let it grow long enough to come down over his ears and it didn't kink up too much. He presented quite a prophetic appearance. I used to think of a John the Baptist when I saw him. I don't know why he talked so much about Armegeddon. Anyway, he should have been more interested or given his version of heaven because his Blue Slide home was certainly located in a bit of paradise.

There come a day when Bill must have gotten lonesome. He advertised for a bride in one of the bride- wanted columns of an eastern magazine. He didn't specify black or white, so when she came she was white. She settled down there with Bill, but I guess the marriage didn't last, because when I arrived at Thompson Falls they told me that Mrs. Jack Prouty was Bill's former wife. She was a real character and so was Jack. Jack was a river pig, or log driver. He was foreman on the annual drive that came down the Clark Fork River prior to the Great Depression that started in 1929. With Mrs. Prouty a spade was a spade, and I don't think she left Nigger Bill because he was black, but probably Jack made a better living. Our first son was born in Th. Falls, so naturally we had a baby buggy which was customary in that era. It was real prestige baby buggy, it must have cost the price of a couple good saddle horses in those days. Anyway we put it for sale when we were being transferred from Th. Falls to the "Golden State"? of California. The phone rang one day, and Mrs. Prouty was on the other end. The conversation went something like this. I hear you have a baby buggy for sale. No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Prouty - it's all ready sold. -- Well, now, maybe I can talk you out of it, one of the Prestons is going to have a baby, right smart soon, and she needs that buggy a damn site more than that school teachers wife: Besides I'll pay you more for it than they will. I think that she's going to have her baby right away, I didn't know that Mrs. ___ is going to have a baby, and it will be some time anyway, so I'll give you more money for it. You know lots of things can ha pen, in the meantime, you know them there eggs up there with that schoolteacher could be rotten.

The conversation went on longer than that, but I didn't sell her the buggy. The tragedy of it was that "those eggs was rotten," the schoolteacher's wife dies at childbirth.

We left Th. Falls, and after an assignment in California, and another at Newport, Washington, we were finally transfered to Missoula. One day I saw a notice in the Missoulian that Judge Nippert was in the Thorton Hospital, later known as the Community Hospital. So my wife and I went down to see him. Nip was overjoyed to see us. When we got in there, the room was all topsy turvy, the typical hospital bureau and set of drawers was down at the foot of the bed with the mirror tipped up so old Nip could lay there on his pillow and see himself in the mirror. It was winter and bitter cold. Nip had fallen off the sidewalk down at Th. Falls when he was pretty drunk and didn't have enough in him to keep from getting badly frozen. When he arrived in Missoula they didn't know if he was going to make it or not. Nip said you know the other day they didn't know whether I was going to make it or not, so I thought I better preach my funeral service. Because I never used on of these Gideon bibles I thought I better make use of one. So one of the nice gals around here shook the dust off "Ol Gideon" put the good book in my hands and propped me up like I am now. After she had rounded up the rest of the gals I proceeded to preach my funeral service. That made me feel better and now I'm going back to Th. Falls and be there for a long time yet.

FROM CLEARCUT TO SELECTIVE CUT

Back in 1920 when I landed at Thompson Falls on the Cabinet Forest there wasn't very much timber cutting, the local citizens had settled back from the boom created by the construction of the Montana power Co. dam, and were looking forward to the time the Anaconda Copper mining Co. moved in with a big mill to manufacture the Thompson River timber. This never took place but the virgin timber stands of Thompson River have all been logged. From the mouth of the Thompson River northward, 50 miles to the Pleasant Valley country of the Fisher River this company was the principal owner of the virgin ponderosa pine, larch, and douglas fir, and lodgepole pine forest. Much of the forest area on the west end of Sanders County to the Idaho line had been badly burned by the 1910 fires. The remainder of the timber on the valley floor had practically all been logged. At that time silvical cutting systems of harvest in the ponderosa pines stands of western montana varied from a clearcut of all merchantable timber to careful selective cutting on some of the National Forests. Some of the National Forest areas were being cut leaving from 3 - 6 seed trees per acre. What few sales in the ponderosa pine type that had been made on the Cabinet prior to my arrival were seed tree cuttings. A ponderosa pine area on Liver Gulch located about 2 miles up river from the mouth of Thompson river, had been logged a couple years prior to my arrival. Harvey Corely, a homesteader, who lived close by, was the logger. It was clear cut with seed tree reservations. Most of the seed trees had wind blown and the area looked pretty barren. Slick-leafed ceanothus had taken over the timber site in some spots. The first year of my assignment on the Cabinet Forest, I attended a Forest Service meeting at the old Masonic temple in Missoula where the objective was formulation and revision of new marking rules for the various timber types in the Region.

Changes in the existing timber marking rules were developed largely from the experience of such early day technical Foresters, as W.W. White, Elers

Koch, C.K. McHarg and others. Types for which rules were made were western white pine , western yellow pine, lodgepole pine, and and larch douglas fir. It is interesting to read excerpts from these marki g rules of 1921. The silvicultural facts bearing on the methods of marking that were developed at this meeting were very similar to those that are on the records today. There follows some of these excerpts. "Yellow pine stands in this district are mostly uneven ages. Increased sustained yield in quantity and quality is one of the main objects of management." There was considerable debate about the virutes of clean cutting and selective cutting. Clean cutting was a term used those days for clear cut. There follows a quotation "Assume that present stands are to cut over completely in 80 years by clean cut method. If the same volume is cut by the selection system by of leaving 1/3 the present merchantable volume on the basis of the present stand it would take 60 years to cut over the entire type. Such a selection would mean a conversion of the yellow-pine type. from poor to a good production area just [illegible] per cent [illegible]" They went on to say "clean cutting in an uneven aged pine stand is comparable to cutting a fixed area of mature and over-mature age class and an equal area of young immature class--that is for every 1,000 A. of mature and over-mature timber cut there would also be 1,000 A. of immature timber cut, a real sacrifice. Silviculture is largely practiced with the axe." There is a current feeling amongst some foresters that western white pine, larch douglas fir, and lodgepole pine stands as we find them now are the result of forest fires which have influenced the regeneration of the forest to produce even-aged stands. Hence these stands should be clearcut, and hence reestablished on an even-aged basis. These same foresters feel that because of the preponderance of unevenagedness in ponderosa pine stands that this is the only type in Northern Rocky Mountain area that should be harvested on a selective cutting basis. I quote the marking rules of 1921 on this subject "our present nearly pure stands of yellow pine are to a considerable extent due to a repeated light fires in the past. Light fires and reproduction probably injured the douglas

fir more than the yellow pine."

It was felt at that time that the ordinary mature uneven aged stand of ponderosa pine constituted about 90% of the type in the northern Rocky Mountain region. They had this to say about the residual stand that should be left "leave 20 - 30% of the merchantable volume. As a rule not less than 25%. Thrifty young bull pines should all be left. No consideration was given in these marking rules to the watershed values or the recreation and esthetic properties involved in the harvest of the ponderosa pine stand. It is however, interesting to note, what they had to say about these uses, in the lodgepole pine marking rules. "Large clean cut areas would be the poorest form of watershed protection and light selection cuttings the best. The selection system of cutting would disturb grazing the least, while clean cutting followed by thick stands of reproduction would disturb grazing the most. From a recreation standpoint the selection system easily the most desirable system."

I came away from this meeting fully convinced that "clean cutting" of ponderosa pine was taboo. The first ponderosa pine-type sale under the new marking rules was the Harvey-Corley sale on Thompson River.

General sales supervision was a function of the supervisor's office in those days. Fred Brown was the District Ranger in charge of the sale. Fred was a real worry wart. Like so many worry-wart personalities, he was honest, conscientious, even religious as the day is long. Local people who had known him since he came to that country in about 1905 spoke of him as the Deacon, so did I, but not to his face. It was not a derogatory nickname, but engendered by respect of the citizens of Thompson Falls. Now we had to convert Harvey Corley purchaser of the timber from a clearcutting philosophy to selective cutting, and Fred was really worried. That time, as well as today, loggers liked to clearcut in preference to selective cutting, and I never could see why. Selective cutting increased size of logs materially, reducing sawing, cutting and skidding costs.

There were fixed investment costs for roads etc. were constant, but we didn't have many roads those days, and in this case practically all of the logs were within reach of the river either a tong chance or could be skidded by a go-devel. I couldn't see why a sawyer hadn't figured out a long time ago that cutting down 3 - 14" trees that had a combined scale of 141 feet didn't take longer than getting the same scale out of a one 21" tree. Look at the time utilized just walking between these 3 trees, let alone all the extra swamping of limbs and so forth. I'm still to be convinced that the gigantic phantansmagoric skidding machines used today can offset the increased cost of skidding the smaller sized logs that result rom a clearcut. Anyway, we had converted Corley to selective cutting before he had put the last log in the river. Here's how we switched him from a clear-cut logger to a selective cut logger.

When Fred and I started to mark the timber I wasn't quite sure how our marking was going to react with Corley. However, when I saw some of those beautiful 30" to 40" ponderosa pine trees I knew it could be done. We took plenty of time with the marking and worked it as a team. Whenever we came to a nice looking tree in the 30" to 40" diameter class I would act quite hesitant a bout designating it for cutting - the first one I came to I put a no-cut sign on it. Fred came up saw that beautiful big tree with a no-cut sign on it stood aghast, plum speechless for a moment. When he found his voice he said "Juous-Priest - what the hovel do you suppose Corley is going to say when he sees that tree is reserved from cutting." Well, I said, Fred, maybe if we use a few of these as truding stock we will have a margin for a compromise with Corley. He's going to look this timber over before he starts sawing and when he sees this choice tree marked no-cut that red hair of his is going to stand right on end. Then, after a certain amount of parley you agree to cut the tree and he should feel better. We must have left 6 or 8 trees of that size on the area, and sure enough it worked.

After Fred and Harvey went back over the area Corley was pretty well satisfied with the marking.

Fred's previous exclamations of course about what the hotel and so on were the most blasphemous he ever used. It sort of helped him win the appellation of the deacon. Corley completed logging the area, using horses for skidding, well before the spring freshets came to take the logs downriver to the A.C. White mill at Laclede, Idaho. Bell log buyer for the A.C. White Co. told me that Corley's logs were the nicest bunch of logs they got from the upper Clark Fork that spring. Fred's bargaining with the choice trees really got results. Harley and his sawing partner used sheepskin knee pads so they could get down to 12", sometimes lower, stump height on the trees.

The logs averaged about 5 short logs per thousand as compared to an average 7 that he took off Liver Gulch by clearcut. At the end of the job Corley just couldn't believe it when he saw the log scale for his winters work was just under a million feet. He agreed they went to the river easier and faster because of the larger size. I visited this sale area 2 or 3 times after I left the Cabinet. Stump counts indicated that it took practically all of the residual trees that were left 2 - 3 years to begin to show excellent growth acceleration. Needles on the residual trees began to get longer and more verdant. About 20 years later I was there and I never saw a more beautiful and vigorous ponderosa pine forest. I could not help but think it would have been silvacultural mayhem to have clearcut this area back in 1921. I shudder to think that some day it might be clearcut. I thought a stand such as that could go on forever yielding the multiple products of the ponderosa pine forest, that is recreation, esthetics, and wood products.

SUPERVISOR BAKER WAS FIRED

It was a black day on the old Cabinet Forest when Harry Baker called us into his office and told us he was being dismissed from the Forest Service for violation of fiscal rules. The Urbanowitz case which had occurred the spring of '21 resulted in a very strict system of regular audits. Henry Wold had spent about a month down on the Cabinet auditing all our accounts. All of us thought everything was well in order. We felt more or less personally involved in the Urbanowitz case, so all of us tried to walk the straight and narrow line in fiscal matters. Believe me it was necessary to have a desire to do this in those days, funds were real short, and allocated strictly on a functional basis. In other words, you couldn't shift funds to another project without the specific authorization of the Regional Office. The case that tripped us up was the misuse of Protection Summer Funds. Henry Wold was pretty well acquainted down along the Cabinets having served there for a time himself as a clerk. He ran across the name of Charlie Wicksell, under a P. Summer expenditure. Well, Charlie Wicksell, was a local carpenter contractor who had a small carpenter building service around Thompson Falls. Henry couldn't quite understand how Charlie Wicksell, had been employed on Protection Summer program. Then it developed that Buxton who was our clerk at the time, was the only one in on the deal, other than the supervisor who had instructed him to use these funds to pay Wicksell to remodel the existing office facilities. These were located on the top floor of the 1st state bank in Thompson Falls, hence everything involved was private property. So the charges were 2-fold in that money had been misappropriated, and on top of that had been spent on private property. Well, there was no out for Baker. I felt pretty bad about it. Everyone on the forest was pretty fond of him, so it was real hard for us to see why a supervisor of his caliber would be released for spending a few hundred dollars for the best welfare of the employees and the Forest Service.

The office was terrible before the improvements were made.

We were also doing the same thing that several other supervisors were doing at that time -- that is buying a Ford car under contract for .25¢ a mile. When the payments were equivalent to the total cost of the car, the car was supposed to be the property of Uncle. Well, the Fiscal Agent hadn't been told to pass on these procedures and when it came time to accept the car, this again was considered sort of a formal misuse of funds. However, none of the supervisors were fired for doing that. But they were given a strict reprimand and told that Uncle Sam could not accept title to the car, it must be returned to the car dealer. Baker went to work the summer of 1922 for the old PendOreille Protective Assn. over in Washington, headquartered at Newport, Washington. He was there just one season, and was reinstated in the State & Private Forestry Division of the Forest Service in Washington, DC. He was responsible for setting up a system in forestry for the state of Florida and was later appointed as the State Forester of Florida and served in this capacity for several years. With these disciplinary cases as background, there was no trouble for me to walk the straight and narrow path in fiscal matters for the rest of my Forest Service career.

THE URBANOWITZ CASE

Evidently things were extremely busy and they had numerous small fires on the Cabinet Forest the summer of 1920 before I arrived. All supplies in those days were purchased at local stores. Every effort was made to divide the patronage evenly among the stores up and down the Clark Fork Valley. A $5 purchase required almost as much work as a $5,000 purchase. Vouchers had to be prepared that would support evidence of purchase and returned to the store for signature and then returned them back to the supervisor's office who sent them on into the Fiscal Agent in Missoula. Apparently Fiscal matters were getting a bit slack under the guidance of Urbanowitz Fiscal Agent for Region I at Missoula Montana. The accounting department on the Cabinet Forest, Thompson Falls Montana was really a mess. Joe Jahn, the forest clerk was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, partly because of incompetence and partly because of the extreme volume of work that was involved in handling so many small accounts, and probably also because a system of regular audits had not yet been set up by the Regional Office.

A system of paying emergency accounts had developed as a means of convenince in paying temporary labor such as firefighters, tree planters etc. Anyone on the forest designated as a special deputy fiscal agent could have up to $5,000 deposited to his account at a local account in Missoula. No bonds were required, and there was no regular auditing system set up. Howard Drake was the special deputy fiscal agent on the Cabinet the summer of 1920. He left at the end of the summer to take an assignment on the Coeur D'Alene National Forest. He had not balanced out his account before he left so supervisor Baker asked me to balance out the account with the expectation that probably I would succeed Drake as a special deputy fiscal agent. I made a big discovery, the account was about $2400 short of balance. When an SDFA wrote a check for labor for instance he procured a cash receipt which was backed up by a signed time slip.

Time slips or cash receipts were then incorporated in a voucher at regular intervals and sent to the Regional Fiscal Agent office in Missoula. I fell heir to the job of finding out why the shortage of $2400, and I accounted for all but $800. We turned the office upside down. All drawers and current file cases were removed and their contents carefully examined. Before returning them the space back of them was thoroughly searched. I even looked for cash receipts that may have found their way to closed files stored in the warehouse. In other words, we exhausted every possibility of finding them. I recall finding close to $1,000 worth of cash receipts behind a couple of drawers in a roll desk they had been placed in a drawer for further action then in pulling the drawer open and shut, and when the drawer was full they would be pulled out and forced behind the drawer. After a lot of work like that we brought the account down to a deficit of only $800 compared to the original deficit of 2400. I went to Missoula, and presented the vouchers and discussed the matter with Urbanowitz. He listened to my story very patiently, and said "now about that $800 Anderson, I don't know what you should do about that. Do you think you could find any timeslips Drake may have paid without taking cash receipts?" I said "No, I think we have exhausted all possibilities." Well, Bannie says, "The mails sometimes aren't too reliable these days, and I tell you what you do. You go back to Thompson Falls and tell your supervisor that I told you to prepare a voucher for $800 giving the proper charges for firefighting and and sign an affidavit to the effect that apparently that a payroll of this amount was submitted to the Regional Office last summer and never did reach here and was lost in the mail. You will be resubmitting a payroll voucher for this amount without the necessary substantiation other than an affidavit but I think it will pass.

I thanked him, and thought for the moment this might be the solution to our dilemma. However, on the way back to Thompson Falls, I got to thinking what kind of a mess would I be in if I signed that affidavit. I began to wonder whether Baker would want to sign an affidavit to that affect and I'm sure that it wouldn't be appropriate for Drake to do so. Anyway by the time I got back to Thompson Falls, I had fully decided I wouldn't sign any affidavit. Well, neither would the supervisor, and the matter hung up for several months. Finally I think it cost Drake about $800 to settle the account. I didn't know it at the time, but that was the forerunner of the Urbanowitz case. Apparently he had been living high wide and handsome in Missoula, he was one of the best-liked members of the Country Club, quite a golfer and people in the Service in Missoula wondered where Bannie got the money to spend on his meager salary of those days. I think probably Bannie leaked out about a few investments in oil, and I think he was also supposed to have inherited quite a sizable wad of dough, which accounted for his high living. However, the bombshell fell the next spring of 1921, when it was discovered that Bannies accounts were about $180,000 shy. This was largely in Northern Pacific Railway cooperative funds. Urbanowitz was apprehended out at the Country Club. No one knew whether he was contemplating suicide, or just what his intentions were when he sought refuge in the mens room. The officers finally presented him with the charges and he finally plead guilty. Was sentenced to the Federal prison at Leavenworth. He was a model prisoner and came out of there with the shortest term possible because of good behavior. He immediately went to work for Brown & Bigelow in Minneapolis and made quite a name for himself with that advertising firm.

"NEVER BECOME BEHOLDEN."

Perhaps the best piece of advice handed down from a father to a son was by the old Vermonter when his son left home, his one admonition was - "my son, never become beholden to anyone." That is a real sound piece of advice, no matter who you work for, whether you're in public or private employ. Sooner or later (and it happened sooner to me) a situation comes up where you are gravely in danger of becoming beholden to somebody. Sometimes it is a bit difficult to tell whether the favor that is being extended to you is genuine hospitality or a bribe.

During my first few months in the Forest Service in the fall of 1920 I had occasion to hire a saddle horse from a rancher on the Cabinet Forest. As I put my saddle on the horse the rancher inquired, "Is this for you, or is this for the Forest Service?" I said "Well, it's a little of both, but it's a Forest Service job I'm on, what's the difference?" He replied, "If it was for your personal use, you could have that horse for a dollar a day, but for the Forest Service, it'd be two dollars. It's a durn good saddle horse." Right then I decided it'd be better to hire the horse for two dollars a day. It was optional in those days whether you furnished your own horse or hired a saddle horse. You were right at the in-between-era those days, when the Forest Service was in a transition from all horse and buckboard or saddle stock, to motorized equipment. Today Forest Service employes are often warned against accepting a meal from other participants at a meeting. It really makes it difficult to have a hard and fast and arbitrary rule because sometimes when genuine hospitality is extended to you you can offend a mighty good cooperator and friend of the organization by refusing his hospitality.

I was still pretty young in the service when the first real opportunity to take a bribe came along. I think it was along in about 1922-23, Howard Larson District Ranger at Plains Montana and I were cruising a small jag of timber for a stump farmer in the vicinity of Paradise. We had plenty of applications for small jags of timber around 200,000 feet.

It made a good sized job for a farmer to make a stake of $1500 - 2000 dollars. With saw logs selling for from $8 to $12 per thousand at the river, none of them got rich at logging. AC White Lumber Co. of Laclede Idaho drove logs from St. Regis cut-off and Perma, Montana all the way down to Pend Oreille Lake then across the Lake and down the Pend Oreille River to Laclede Idaho where the mill was located.

Seems as tho something always happened when we were out on a timber job of that kind. We just got nicely started when we heard rifle fire over in the next draw to us. It was in the draw just o posite and south of Paradise Montana which at that time was the division point for the Northern Pacific RR. (now Burlington Northern) I looked up from my compass and said to Howard,"sounds like rifle fire, doesn't it. I'll bet somebody is doing a little extra season deer-hunting." "Yes, and I think I know who it is. Let's go and see if we can't get them." This we proceeded to do . We went west about 4 hundred yards and topped out on a ridge to the east of the draw I mentioned. It didn't take us long to spot the poachers. There were 2 fellows out there that had just completed the kill and were dressing it out. Must have been 1½ or 2 miles down to the road along the river on the south side of the river. I said to Howard,"We sure don't want to take that deer way up in the end of that gulch, let's use our head and wait till those fellows get it down to the mouth of the gulch near the road." "Good idea," Howard said. "There's some big rocks at the mouth of the gulch within 50 yards of the road, why don't you go down hide behind on of them while I keep tab on them to see they don't change their course." This he proceeded to do. I hurried down and concealed myself behind a big rock. For the next half hour I could hear those fellows coming down that draw, sometimes stopping for a smoke chatting and laughing the while. They were in a jovial mood having taken a buck approaching Boone and Crockets caliber. Now and then I could hear them grunt and cuss as they lifted that big blacktail buck over logs and windfalls. Finally they arrived. I stepped out and said "well fellows, this is it, I'll take the deer from here on. This isn't

deer season is it?" They stuttered and stammered, after the first shock of surprise was over they started to become a little belligerent and wanted to know my credentials as a game warden which I proceeded to give them. Then it began to look as tho it wasn't going to make any difference. Neither of us had a gun, altho Howard always carried one it was back on Kennedy Creek, I was getting a little bit anxious as Howard hadn't showed up yet and I was wondering where the heck he was. So I started to reason with the fellows. "You've told me who you are, that you're an engineer and brakeman on #1 North Coast Limited of the NP RR, I don't see how you fellows can afford to get hung up on a thing like this. Now that you are in it the best way and most honorable way is to go plead guilty, pay your fine and have it done with." But they weren't for that kind of a solution. Finally one of them said - "you don't have to remember anything about this, how much would it be worth to you if you just forgot about it?" I said, " well, I'm just not one who is agreeable to a deal like that." One of them spoke up, "Everybody has their price, how about $200 bucks, would that buy us out of it. That's a pretty nice buck we've got here, in fact that's the best mule-deer head I ever did get." "No deals like that. The next time you guys saw me walking down the street in Paradise, Plains or Thompson Falls you'd say. There goes that cheap bastard from the Forest Service that sold out for 200 bucks- Nope no deal." Then one of them says," there's two of us, and one of you." Along about that time Howard stepped out of the brush saying ,"no don't you think it, there's two of us and I can handle a couple like you guys." All of a sudden I felt about 10 feet tall. The fellows quieted down right away, we then made arrangements with them to come to Plains the following Monday to appear in court and plead their case. We confiscated their rifles and deer. We could have taken them right in if we'd wanted to be ornery about it, but we knew they were just in Paradise for only a few hours, figurin' to gettin their deer and take their train out. Their train was due in Paradise in a couple hours. The next week they appeared in court in Plains plead guilty, and paid their fines. Then in those days it was customary to

auction off the meat. They asked the local justice to put the meat up for sale right away. That was when they had another big shock. Some of the fellows around Plains didn't take to Railroaders coming in and killing deer right under their noses out of season, altho they might be doing the same thing. They bid that venison up to $150 which made it pretty costly game law violation for these two men.

During the war I was assigned to George Trayers office in Washington D.C., and George wanted me to specialize in veneer and plywood products. This meant frequent contacts with lend-lease and the domestic plywood industry. Lend lease were using a good deal of plywood, particularly the British. One of their most effective fighter bombers, the Mosquito was made entirely of plywood. I had been spending most of my time out of Washington DC so I was getting pretty well acquainted with the Plywood industry in the lake states the Pacific Northwest and the New England states. From the potatoe country in Aroostook County in the north end of Maine to Vancouver B.C.. I compiled a storehouse of information and became quite well informed about the plywood situation in relation to the war effort. For awhile I traveled with a Britisher by the name of Anthony Guinness who was one of the Kings representatives in the Lend Lease program. He really knew veneer and plywood manufacture. Tony was the one who convinced our U.S. hardwood veneer producers that aircraft veneer could be produced from birch and maple to tolerances of a thousandth of an inch. His family had a birch plywood plant in Latvia and other Baltic areas. They also made a world famous ale called Guinness Stout. After spending a few weeks with Tony I was sure he preferred American bourbon even if it didn't come for free under the Lend Lease program. It was fun travelling with Tony. He sure had the knack of getting something for nothing down to a science.

The U.S. and Canada supplied most of the veneer and plywood for the British aircraft program during Lend Lease years and a year or so after we got into the fracas in 1941. Birch and maple were the principle species and

I didn't follow through on the court case, that was Bill's duty, but now as I recall it, the case was taken up before the U.S. Commissioner and the Indian Department. In just a few weeks' time, it was decided that the State Game Department didn't have jurisdiction over the Indians, and the State Game Warden directed Bill to return the guns to the Indians. The story might have ended right there had Bill returned the right guns to the Indians, however, I was up at Plains Montana the next fall attending the Plains County Fair and Rodeo. Bill was standing on the edge of the sidewalk with his back to the street, in front of the Turf Saloon. As usual Bill was talking and I was doing most of the listening to one of his wild cowpoke tales. All of a sudden I thought a cyclone hit us, there was this Indian woman between us, and she was reaching for Bill's throat. She was really giving him a going over and called him everything she could lay her tongue to, she says you g---d--- s.o.b.h.i.c. what the hell did you do with that brand new rifle you took from me. I had a new 25-35 carbine that day on Rock Creek and what did I get back but an old wreck of a 30-30. I want my gun. Well, Bill was taken completely by surprise, that was one time when I saw him that he didn't completely rise to the occasion and start talking. But I think, just from the reaction I got out of him, that he had switched guns on her, and probably kept the good gun, and got an old broken down 30-30 carbine and turned it in to the Montana Game Department at Helena. So you see the Indians didn't always get a fair shake either. However I didn't realize that at the time. Later on, when I became Chief of Wildlife Management I became interested in the stipulations of the treaty of 1855, which the Indians signed at Council Grove, just west of Missoula and I know they got a bum deal. That however, is another story.

CHIEF PAUL CHARLO -- 4 elk and 12 deer.

On January 1, 1940, I was assigned as Assistant Regional Forester in charge of Wildlife Management under Regional Forester Evan Kelly. One of the wildlife problems of that time was excess population of deer and elk. This resulted in overuse of the land and caused range depreciation and winter die-off.

The Flathead elk herd was estimated at approximately 5,000 head. The herd was very much under-utilized. The range, particularly on the South Fork of the Flathead and on the White River, was badly overused. This, of course, was due to the remoteness of the country, the terrain and the abundance of escape cover. The Thompson River and Fisher River deer herd, located on the old Cabinet and Kootenai Forests, respectively, were also very much under-utilized, so the range suffered serious degradation.

These problems are serious in some areas today, and will continue to plague public wild land managers because the multiple-use management of wild land is not and never will be an exact science. Dude ranchers and dude hunting had not developed sufficiently to take care of the surplus from the herds.

The future looked dim. So, why not give the nearby Flathead Indians special dispensation to take a specified number of elk and deer from these areas of overuse on a permit basis in order to get the game herd in balance with the range? I thought we owed it to them after the way we had shoved them around, in violation of the Treaty of 1855.

I discussed the matter with Regional Forester Kelly. He endorsed the idea, said we hadn't done much in the way of relieving the overuse of game ranges and that this was worth a try. I then told my story to Joe Severy, who was then a member of the Montana Fish & Game Commission. Joe was chairman of the botany department of the University of Montana. His paramount personal interest was in the general field of wildlife.

We rolled the idea around a while and agreed that I should make the contact with the Indians. Joe was to discuss the matter with the Fish and Game Department and with the other commissioners.

My contact with the Indians was Aeneas Granjo, Chief of the Flathead Tribal Council at that time. I had met Aeneas several years previously in Arlee when I was looking for someone to make me a pair of Indian moccasins. I had accummulated several deer hides and had told Aeneas I would give him the hides for a good pair of Indian moccasins that would fit me. "Yes," said Aeneas, "we make you a good moccasin. My woman best moccasin maker of the Flathead." My moccasins were a long time in coming, but when I got them they were a gem of Indian art. I still have them. From then on, whenever I found an extra deerhide I dropped it off at Granjo's place in Arlee.

We had many discussions about the Indians hunting the Thompson River and Flathead country. Over the years Aeneas had taken many parties over the old Indian trail into the South Fork of the Flathead via Pyramid Pass. Granjo endorsed my proposal with as much enthusiasm as the average Indian displays to the white man. He agreed to bring Chief Charlo and others who were interested into Missoula to see me.

Several weeks passed by, and I thought he had forgotten. One day as I opened my office door to enter, I was greeted by the strong, smoky buckskin smell of an Indian tepee. There to my left, sitting in a row of chairs reserved for callers, were Chief Charlo, Aeneas Granjo and Ninepipes. Neither Charlo nor Ninepipes would speak in English. Granjo acted as their interpreter. I spent the next two hours in the most interesting powwow of my life. It took us about an hour before I had gained the confidence of Charlo and Ninepipes to the extent that they were willing to open up and tell me exactly how they felt.

Charlo started out the exodus of his tribe from the Bitterroot in 1891. Next, from his shirt pocket he pulled the original parchment copy of the Treaty of 1855 made with the Indians at Council Grove, near Missoula. Once again I heard the story of the earth being the mother of the Indian, that it produced their clothing, their cover and their food. He pointed to that part of the treaty that said.. "as long as the grass grows, as long as the river flows...," etc. He told me the tribe had swindled to not more than 35 or 40 full-blood families that still clung to the tribal custom of the annual hunt. He told me that each of those families needed at least 4 elk and 12 deer per year to furnish their needs for meat and clothing. Granjo in his turn pointed out that if these Indians were granted a special limited license, it would mean a drain of only 160 elk and 480 deer out of the over-populated area of the Flathead and the Fischer, Thompson river country.

This meeting gave me something to go on. I reported back to Joe Severy. He told me that his discussions with the other commissioners favored further investigation of the proposal. To further acquaint the public with my proposal, I arranged for Chief Charlo and Granjo to appear on the program at one of the annual Western Montana Fish and Game Association banquets, held at the Elks Club. Charlo appeared in all the regal splendor of an Indian chief--eagle feathers , bonnet and all. Charlo repeated the speech made previously to me in my office, while Granjo interpreted. It really made a big hit as entertainment, but I could read in the faces of my fellow sportsmen that there were many skeptics. Not many of my fellow Americans were yet ready even partially to right the wrongs that had been inflicted on the Flathead Indians after the Treaty of 1855.

Nevertheless, we went ahead with further discussions with the Flathead tribe prior to presenting the matter to the Montana Fish and Game Commission. Granjo arranged a meeting for us with the tribe at the Kolese Council house. This was a memorable meeting. The council chamber was about 30 x 50 feet. After the necessary formalities, Severy and I stated our proposals. We were seated at a table with chairs in the middle of the room, alone with the members of the tribal council, the Flathead Indian Agent, the interpreter and a few others. There were a few chairs on one side of the hall for those who wished to sit on them and a section bare of anything for those who wished to sit on the floor. The floor by the east wall was occupied by blanket squaws who sat like graven images, never uttering a word to one another, but listening intently to all that was said. An Indian interpreter stood beside each Indian speaker.

Aeneas Granjo, chief of the tribal council, opened the meeting with a brief introduction, saying he hoped it would result in more and better

hunting for older Indians on the reservation. In typical Indian English, Granjo eloquently outlined to the long-hairs and the blankets the prospects of a better hunting ground. This was interpreted in Salish.

One Indian speech was most noteworthy. It was given by a long-haired, moccasined, blind Indian whom I recall as Moses Chouteh. Like all American Indians, as well as those of us who profess Christianity, he began with the creation. These may not be his exact words, but I am sure they express his message accurately:

"Many, many, many snows ago, when the Great Spirit made the earth, so long ago only Mother Earth know. From the ground where sprang the first Salish people. The earth is my mother, and from her comes all the things her children need: food, shelter, clothing, and all the other essentials of life...."

As he proceeded, the interpreter began to leave the monotone he was using and entered into the oratory of the speech. He had heard this speech many times before. The speaker went on to say, "The Flathead Indians lived in peace with other tribes for so many snows that the older chiefs could not remember when they had been on the war path. Then the white man came. Some Indians became sick and died from new diseases the medicine men had never seen. Other tribes of Indians went on the war path. All Indians were troubled. The Great Spirit had forsaken them; no longer could they hunt the buffalo; other tribes went on the warpath with them because there wasn't enough for all. The white men made wire fences, turned the earth upside down.

No longer could it produce the feed for our ponies and grass for the buffalo. Our mother earth was being destroyed, and the Great Spirit would rise some day and strike the white man dead if he continued this desecration. So the white man's great father in Washington sent the pony soldiers out and they signed the treaty at Council Grove, near Missoula. It say as long as the grass grows, as long as the water flows my tribe can hunt all the lands from the Yellowstone to the big bend of the Columbia River. Now we no longer hunt that far. Indian tries to be white man; so now not Indians nor white. White man turns ground upside down and raise potatoes, cabbage, corn, carrots, many other things Indians never like." (And when he got to carrots, I thought both he and the interpreter were going to throw up; the facial grimace and gutteral, throaty sounds sounded like it.) He continued..."old people of our tribe still must hunt to live, so maybe white man let us take 4 elk and 12 deer at times when white man not hunt."

And so the meeting went. After it adjourned, the Indian women filed out quietly, while the men stayed to powwow. While I was talking to Sevory, one of the long-hairs who had made a long but eloquent speech in Salish through the interpreter, came over and bent close to my ear and said softly in English, "You think we get to hunt over in South Fork of Flathead?" It was Nick Lassow, a graduate of Carlisle and football teammate of Jim Thorpe.

When the idea of having the Indians harvest the surplus of elk and deer had been proposed, I was quite aware of the attitude of the average western Montana sportsman toward the Indians would be the same as it had been for 200 years... mostly negative. Nevertheless, I was bitterly disappointed when Joe Sevory advised me that the Montana Fish and Game Commission had unanimously turned down my proposal.

Actually, I never knew exactly what had motivated me to make the proposal in the first place. Perhaps it was to assuage that corner of my conscience that would not forget the time when as a Cub Ranger I had backe up Bill Hill, Montana District Game Warden, with a Winchester carbine while he searched the two Indian tepees on the ancestral hunting grounds of the Salish Indians on the Thompson River! His instructions to me had been, "Shoot the damn squaws if they get the drop on me!"

About 20 years after the Moiese meeting, while I was crossing Higgins Avenue in Missoula, I saw an old long-haired, moccasined Indian. He was coming out of the Oxford Bar. His shoulders were rounded; he was quite stooped; his gait was slow. But it had to be Aeaneas Granjo.

He returned my salutation, and I said, "Have you hunted the South Fork of the Flathead lately?"

"No," he replied. "The trail is too long for an old Indian. Sometime soon, though, I go over there. Nobody use the old Flathead hunting trail through Pyramid Pass any more; beside, not many elk left. White man now hunts all over the South Fork of the Flathead. No room for the Indian."

Then he looked off at the distant mountains, up toward the old Indian trail at the head of the Rattlesnake, and continued, "Once there was a boy named Anderson who tried to get back hunting right for the Indians. He find white man not care about treaty of 1855. He was a good boy."

There was nothing I could say except "So long." I walked down the street. About a block away, when I reached the old Smith Drug Store, I turned around. There was Aeneas, still standing in front of the Oxford, looking my way.

Aeneas had long since gone to the happy hunting ground. I'm sure he has found good hunting. I'm glad that he thought Anderson was a good boy. And I think the old fox knew me even if he didn't let on.

quality specs were high. If we had practiced selective cutting in our yellow birch and maple forests before the turn of the century the demand could have been met easily. Instead we were having a bad time meeting both quality and quantity demands. At one time in 1942 we were informed German V. boats were sinking as high as 40% of the ship tonnage in each convoy. They tried to load each ship with a complete assortment of veneer and plywood but weren't very successful due to the diversity and distance apart of plants involved. So some ships were loaded with logs only. From them the British plants could manufacture grades of veneer and plywood lost to the U.boats. I always figured the British were asking for more logs than they really needed to fill this gap.

During this assignment I also met Larry Ottinger who at that time was building the foundation for the U.S. Plywood Corp. Larry was a real go getter I don't believe there was a man in the plywood division over in the war production board that Larry Ottinger couldn't put his finger on. Larry was known as the golden salaried one dollar a year man, around the War Production Board. He commuted back and forth from New York City to Washington, spending the first 3 days of week in Washington, and the balance in New York.

There came a day when Ottinger finally decided to take me under his wing. He called me over to his office at the War Production Board, which consisted of a desk out in the hallway of one of the old WPB buildings. Not a very pretentious office for the influence that he wielded during the fore-part of the war in Washington. Anyway, Larry wanted me to take a trip with him and see what they were doing in way of contribution to the war effort. During that time one of the places we covered was their pilot plant up in New Rochelle New York where they were doing pilot plant work on bag molding of plywood.

One of the products they were turning out was an assault boat with beautiful lines. It was geared for a 150 hp motor. I stood around admiring it for minutes longer than we were supposed to stay in that area. I said to Larry, "Boy - that's really a wonderful boat, what I could do with something like that on Flathead Lake." He must have thought my remark was a feeler for a free boat. Anyway he was quick to retort,"where would you use such a boat on Flathead Lake?" I replied, "I'd dock it at Polson Montana where I'd have 50 miles of the most beautiful lake in North America to cruise. Well, he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, that boat right there is yours, you tell me when and where you want it, and it's yours." I was amazed. But I guess that's the way things are sometimes done. Anyway I turned down the offer, indirectly, by never telling him where to send the boat, becuase I felt that perhaps by doing so I might destroy my effectiveness in trying to find out what was going on in the companies that Larry controlled.

Then I took another trip with him up into the Lake States, and attended a meeting at Green Bay, Wisconsin that he had arranged with members of the hardwood, plywood industry. It was at this meeting it dawned on me what Larry had in mind for me. He wanted to make me log and lumber administrator for the lake states. Well, I didn't go for it. I wanted to get out of Washington. I wanted to get out in the field and stay out, where I felt I could do more for the war effort than I could in Washington. Believe me I felt pretty blue at times when I saw how the wheels of bureaucracy were grinding in Washington at the forepart of the war.

I was finally was assigned to Brundage who was the district log and lumber administrator for the War Production Board at Portland Oregon. While there, I met up with Al Peterman who was plywood manufacturer, truck manufacturer and general all-round forest products businessman. The Navy bought Peterman's pl wood plant site at Tacoma and Al figured the War Production Board would give him material to set up another plant down in Oregon.

While there, I met up with Al Peterman who was plywood manufacturer, truck manufacturer and general all-round forest products businessman. The Navy bought Peterman's plywood plant site at Tacoma and Al figured the War Production Board would give him material to set up another plant down in Oregon. He was bugging Brundage all the time to find out when he was going to get that equipment. I was up at Tacoma on a trip. I had been contacting all the plywood plants on the west coast examining their order files to see whether they were getting in line on production of war materials instead of doing business as usual. The afternoon I saw Peterman I had been over to one of the local plants in which he had an interest and I didn't even know he was in Tacoma. I was in my hotel room when the phone rang, and the clerk says "there's a man down here to see you by the name of Al Peterman. He wants to know if he can come up and talk with you. I said "Sure"; Peterman came up and we discussed various aspects of my work for 30 or 40 minutes. During that time I brought out the fact that we were a bit pushed for transportation, but we hoped to have that straightened out so each of us could have a car and make better time in making our contacts. Al said,"Don't let that worry you a bit, we can fix that up for you." Then he says,"Come over here"--he was standing by the window, looking down in the street, and said "There's a car down there you can have any time you want. Now if you don't like to drive yourself, whenever you are up in the Seattle area, just call this number, and this fellow will be over with that car and drive you around whereever you want, and if you want it for your personal use, it's yours." I was flabbergasted, to think that a businessman of Al's reputation wanted to do business that way. That must have been the way Peterman operated though. Hub Rambo Engineering Consultant at Portland, who did many jobs for him told me over a couple drinks that Al gave an airplane stewardess a $2000 mink coat - for what, I can only surmise. Nevertheless, I gave him to understand that I was fully satisfied with the transportation I had, but if an emergency arose I might call on him.

He was bugging Brundage all the time to find out when he was going to get that equipment. I was up at Tacoma on a trip. I had been contacting all the plywood plants on the west coast examining their order files to see whether they were getting in line on production of war materials instead of doing business as usual. The afternoon I saw Peterman I had been over to one of the local plants in which he had an interest and I didn't even know he was in Tacoma. I was in my hotel room when the phone rang, and the clerk says "there's a man down here to see you by the name of Al Peterman. He wants to know if he can come up and talk with you. I said "Sure": Peterman came up and we discussed various aspects of my work for 30 or 40 minutes. During that time I brought out the fact that we were a bit pushed for transportation, but we hoped to have that straightened out so each of us could have a car and make better time in making our contacts. Al said, "Don't let that worry you a bit, we can fix that up for you." Then he says, "Come over here"--he was standing by the window, looking down in the street, and said "There's a car down there you can have any time you want. Now if you don't like to drive yourself, whenever you are up in the Seattle area, just call this number, and this fellow will be over with that car and drive you around whereever you want, and if you want it for your personal use, it's yours." I was flabbergasted, to think that a businessman of Al's reputation wanted to do business that way. That must have been the way Peterman operated though. Hub Rambo Engineering Consultant at Portland, who did many jobs for him told me over a couple drinks that Al gave an airplane Stewardess a $2000 mink coat - for what, I can only surmise. Nevertheless, I gave him to understand that I was fully satisfied with the transportation I had, but if an emergency arose I might call on him.

I never told anybody of these 2 contacts, altho I did tell George Trayer of them after I retired. I think I was smart in so doing. I feel I was much more effective from then on because I'm sure that neither Larry Ottinger or Al Peterman felt that I would have taken up the offer had they pressured me at all, but b my action or behavior they both got the message. The message was that I would not become beholden to anybody.

RANGERS WERE GAME WARDENS

The setting in Thompson River country on the Plains Ranger District in what was then the old Cabinet Forest, the time 1921.

At that time the Montana F-G Dept. had only a handful of Wardens to cover the entire State of Montana. Bill Hill, one whom I worked with several times was headquartered at Missoula, Montana. His District covered all of the territory to the west of Missoula to the Idaho line, so Old Bill as we all called him was constantly looking for whatever help he could get. I felt quite complimented one day when Bill showed up at the office to ask if I could give him a hand for a couple of days. It was ok with the Supervisor and for the next few days I found out a lot that I didn't know about the early days of a game warden in the State of Montana. Bill was a real interesting character. Wore the usual 10-gallon hat, and the first time I saw him he had a 38-colt sidearm strapped to his leg. Later on however, he shifted to a 45 automatic in an arm holster. The first thing he said to me, Kid--you got a gun? No, I don't have anything like you have I replied, but I know where I can get a darned good rifle. Jack Bowen had just come over from Red Lodge to work on the Cabinet Forest and he had a Winchester carbine 32# special. Jack was a great guy. What was his was mine and vice versa. So I told Bill that was the extent of my weapons. Bring it along, he said. Bill had been a cowhand, and claimed to have been a drover on the Chisholm trail, anyway he had lots of stories to tell, which he seemed to like to tell. I can't remember all of them. Some of them sounded like some I read in later years out of a paper-back. I recall him telling about the time he took a trainload of cattle to the Chicago market. Apparently about all Bill saw in Chicago, was that he wound up in the top story of a big building where they had 600 naked women all in one room, I don't know how anybody could get a count on that many naked women, but apparently Bill did.

Early in 1920 attention had been directed to the fact that deer-kill by the Flathead Indians in the Thompson River was on the increase. Bill had made a couple of trips in there and gotten really in bad with certain members of the tribe. In fact the time that he called for help the report had come down into Plains that if Bill Hill ever showed his face again up in Thompson River country again he's go out feet first. After we had laid in a few supplies we headed up the wagon road on Lynch Creek that took us up to the old Rock Creek ranger station where we made our headquarters. This station was about 25 miles north of Plains, Montana and it was 25 pretty rough miles for a Model T Ford.

We got a late start out of Plains so we arrived rather late in the afternoon. We had no more than finished unloading our gear when Bill spoke up, Can you cook kid?--I said, Oh I can do a passable job at it, Bill replied, you stir up something to eat and I'll go out and look for injun sign. He must have been gone for 3 or 4 hours. When he returned he said - yup, they're in here, I know right where they're at. He says, they have a camp right below the mouth of Rock Creek, that's a place where they have camped for many, many years, I think on these hunting trips. At that time, the Indians tried to get their meat along in September just after the first frost came.

The next morning, Bill said, no use of getting out bright and early, we'll just wait till they have a chance to get out in the woods hunting then we can go into camp and look it over and see if we can find the evidence, they are pretty cute at hiding any evidence. So we didn't get started out of camp until about 10 o'clock, the next day. Sure enough we went down beyond the mouth of Rock Creek and here was two Indian tepees but there didn't seem to be anybody around. Bill said, well, they know we're here, and he says there's somebody around, so I tell you what you do. You circle around behind that heavy timber and don't let anybody see you, make sure y u are our of sight, from this clearing. You back me up now, if anything happens like somebody gittin the drop on me you give it to them with that 32 special.

Well, I didn't exactly know how I'd react to anything like that. But I obeyed the orders. After I had plenty of time to get stationed over there Bill strides out into the clearing over to the nearest tepee shouted "anybody here"- not a sound or movement. Finally he goes over to the opening of the tepee and says, come on out. Nobody stirred, I did see a little rustle on the side of the tepee then. Bill went in , and there was such a commotion , I thought the side of the tepee was going to break out, and in about 60 seconds out come an Indian squaw really going in a hurry - end over end. Bill come out cussing, and said--now, where are the deer? Where's all the venison that you've been getting in here? Well, the signs were there, as we come up I could see little piles of hair down by the creek, but Bill said there was no venison in the tepee nor no signs of venison hanging around in the trees. Just about that time another squaw showed up, I think she had been out hunting and come in and heard the ruckus. She joined in, and did she give Bill a chewin' out, called him everything she could lay her tongue to. Bill just stood there with a smirk on his face, went over to her, and before she knew what was up, Bill had grabbed her rifle, "now I'm going to take all the rest of the guns you got around here because you are under arrest. You are to appear in Plains, Montana, before the Justice of the Peace next week sometime." Meantime, while all this was going on, I was still in the brush, because Bill had told me not to come out until he told me to. As I remember, there was two rifles in there that he confiscated, I didn't take any notice of them at the time, but they looked like carbines, is all I could remember. Then Bill wrote out a note, telling them to report to the Indian Agent, or at Moiese and for them to appear in court at Plains on such and such a date. Then he came on over towards where I was, and said,"come on, kid, let's go." And that was the end of the episode for a while.